

THE ADVERTISING RATES
—OF—
THE HERALD
ARE VERY LOW AND WILL
BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
—OF—
WE DO JOB WORK
—OF—
EVERY STYLE AND KIND!

WOMEN
BROWN'S
BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC

This medicine cures all the ailments of women, and is the best tonic for the system. It is a perfect blood purifier, and cures all the diseases of the blood. It is a perfect stomachic, and cures all the diseases of the stomach. It is a perfect nerve tonic, and cures all the diseases of the nerves. It is a perfect general tonic, and cures all the diseases of the system.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE.
Governor—J. Proctor Knott.
Lieutenant Governor—Jas. R. Hindman.
Secretary of State—Jas. A. McCreary.
Assistant Secretary of State—H. M. McCreary.
Private Secretary to Governor—C. E. Egbert.
Attorney General—P. W. Hardin.
Auditor—James H. Hewitt.
Assistant Auditor—Charles S. Green.
Treasurer—James H. Hawkins.
Clerk—James H. Hawkins.
Supt. Pub. Instruction—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Schools—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Prisons—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Asylums—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Hospitals—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Charities—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Works—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Agriculture—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Commerce—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Education—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Finance—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Justice—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Labor—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Marine—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Military—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Naval—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Health—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Safety—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Welfare—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Works—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Agriculture—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Commerce—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Education—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Finance—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Justice—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Labor—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Marine—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Military—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Naval—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Health—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Safety—J. D. Pickett.
Supt. of Public Welfare—J. D. Pickett.

COURT OF APPEALS.
Chief Justice, Casswell Bennett; Judges, Thomas H. Hines, W. S. Pryor, J. H. Lewis, W. H. Holt, Reporter, John Redman; Clerk, Court of Appeals, Thomas H. Hines; Deputy Clerk, Sam. M. Galt; Deputy Clerk Superior Court, Thomas G. Moore; Sergeant, G. A. Robertson; Tipstaff, James McCulliff.

SUPERIOR COURT.
Presiding Judge, A. K. Richards; Judges, James H. Hines, W. S. Pryor, J. H. Lewis, W. H. Holt, Reporter, John Redman; Clerk, Court of Appeals, Thomas H. Hines; Deputy Clerk, Sam. M. Galt; Deputy Clerk Superior Court, Thomas G. Moore; Sergeant, G. A. Robertson; Tipstaff, James McCulliff.

COUSINRY.
Hon. Lucius P. Little, Judge, Owensboro, Ky.; Hon. Joseph N. Attorney, Owensboro, Ky.; J. P. Thompson, Jailer, Hartford; Clarence Hartwick, Clerk, Hartford; John P. Barrett, Master Comr., Hartford; R. P. Hocker, Sheriff, Beaver Dam; Deputies—J. P. Gilmore, Fordville; P. E. Hocker, Beaver Dam; J. M. Casheer, Rockport.

COUNTY COURTS.
C. W. Massie, Judge, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Clerk, Hartford.
C. M. Pendleton, Attorney, Hartford.
Court convenes on the first Monday in every month.

Quarterly Court.
Begins on the third Mondays in January, April, July and October.

Court of Claims.
Begins on the first Mondays in January and October.

Other County Officers.
Charles Hendrie, Surveyor, Rockport.
J. W. Barnett, Assessor, Hartford.
L. P. Long, County School Supt., Hartford.

HARTFORD.
HARTFORD—J. S. Glenn, Judge; W. H. Maury, Marshal. Courts held 4th Monday in March, June, September and December.

BEAVER DAM.
BEAVER DAM—H. F. Yewell, Judge; Wm. H. Blackburn, Marshal. Courts held 1st Saturday in January, April, July and Oct.

CHOWWELL.
CHOWWELL—N. C. Daniel, Judge; H. P. Wise, Marshal. Courts held 2nd Saturday in January, April, July and October.

CHERRYVALE.
CHERRYVALE—D. F. Fulkerson, Judge; J. S. Tildon, Marshal. Courts held 3rd Saturday in January, April, July and October.

HAMILTON.
HAMILTON—J. W. Lankford, Judge; P. M. Brown, Marshal. Courts held 3rd Saturday in January, April, July and October.

ROCKPORT.
ROCKPORT—L. Reid, Judge; no Marshal. Courts held 1st Saturday in January, April, July and October.

ROCKFORD.
ROCKFORD—J. L. Layton, Judge; no Marshal. Courts held 1st Saturday in January, April, July and October.

FOODVILLE.
FOODVILLE—J. L. Harder, March 4, June 2, September 2, December 2, 1885.
March 6, June 4, September 4, December 4, 1885.
March 8, June 6, September 6, December 6, 1885.
March 10, June 8, September 8, December 8, 1885.
March 12, June 10, September 10, December 10, 1885.
March 14, June 12, September 12, December 12, 1885.
March 16, June 14, September 14, December 14, 1885.
March 18, June 16, September 16, December 16, 1885.
March 20, June 18, September 18, December 18, 1885.
March 22, June 20, September 20, December 20, 1885.
March 24, June 22, September 22, December 22, 1885.
March 26, June 24, September 24, December 24, 1885.
March 28, June 26, September 26, December 26, 1885.
March 30, June 28, September 28, December 28, 1885.
March 31, June 29, September 29, December 29, 1885.

FOODVILLE.
FOODVILLE—J. W. Payne, P. O. Foodville.
ROCKPORT—A. P. Howard, P. O. Rockport.
ROCKFORD—W. L. Miller, P. O. Horse Branch.
CHOWWELL—G. W. Martin, P. O. Chowwell.

CHURCH.
HARTFORD—Services second Saturday and Sunday of each month; Rev. L. E. Campbell, pastor.
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH—Services third and fourth Sundays in each month. Rev. L. E. Campbell, pastor.
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN—Services Sunday morning and night. Sabbath School at 9 A. M. Rev. J. J. Ward, pastor.
ALPHA BAPTIST (colored)—First and third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Rev. C. H. Howell, pastor.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

VOL. XII.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 27, 1886.

NO. 43.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

AFTER THE WEDDING

BY NARY H. FAWCETT.

The hopes—bright hopes—of other years. To-night in my heart are dying. And my lips must clasp, 'mid sighs and tears. A requiem where they're lying. My life must bid farewell to-night. To its fondest, sweetest pleasures. For ere dawn dawns the morning light, Must be buried its dearest treasures.

In a new-made grave in my heart to-night, I must fold in grief and sorrow, The love that made this world so bright, And wreathed with joy the morrow. For ere dawn dawns the morning light, Must be buried its dearest treasures.

Of the sacred, joyous coffin, Where my lost and early love lies hid, Though I shall long to-often.

I must never speak again the name Of the one so loved and cherished; I must never breathe the thought of blame Or the spot where my hopes have perished. I must press, with feverish hands, my brow, And quit this weary fretting; For, alas, his heart is another's now! And mine must cease regretting.

If in youth's fair and lovely bloom, I could have seen him dying, I could have seen him dying.

In the damp and lonely tomb, Behold his dear form lying— Yes, beneath the cold, cold sod, His lifeless clay I'd been consigning. And now to feel he was with God, Then I could cease repining.

But the very thought that another now Receives his warm caresses, And that another, fairer brow, Has fled with anguish wild my brain, Ne'er to be penned in history's annals, And my very life-blood feels the pain As it courses its feverish channels.

And, oh, the world seems cold and lone! And I've grown so sad and weary, Painting my path through the dark unknown For the future looks so dreary.

For I know that I shall sadly miss Affection's fond caresses, And yearn for the gentle, loving kiss That devotion softly presses.

I shall long to be folded close once more, To a heart with true love beating, I shall sigh for the loving smiles of yore, And the twilight's sweetest greeting, But I must go out in the world alone— Alone, and broken-hearted, Nor show by either look or tone, That his brightness has departed.

I must teach my brow to wear a smile, And my lips to speak unconquering, Though from my life-blood's draining, This grief my life-blood's draining.

I must smile when the morning dawns, And the birds are singing o'er me; And the twilight's sweetest greeting, Spread their beautiful charms before me; Must smile when the gay and heartless throng Around my path is pressing, As though my life was one glad song, And every pang a blessing.

I must speak of the sweet and lovely flowers, As though my way was ever blooming; Must speak of the daff and lily flowers, As though from a golden fountain looming.

For, ah! the world must never know That a woman has been weeping Over the grave where her love is buried low, And her fondest hopes are sleeping. For a sorrowful smile 'twould only show, To see her vainly kneeling, And pouring her soul's deep prayer Over love that was unfeeling.

THE MYSTERIOUS FORGERY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

About 8 o'clock in the evening a knock came at the old man's door. It was Robert Carter. Crump started to his feet in indignation. Was this fellow, who he suspected to be the real criminal, to come and gloat over him in his misery?

But before he could speak, Carter had come into the room and held out his hand.

"I came to tell you, Mr. Crump," said he, "how sorry we all are in the office about this, none of us believe you had anything to do with it, of course. It will all come out likely, in a day or two."

The old man stared at him for a minute or two without speaking and without taking Carter's hand.

"Begone, sir!" he cried at last. "How dare you come here to insult me with your sympathy? You! I fancy you are the one who knows most about it."

Annie turned from one to the other with bewildered, terrified looks. Fortunately she was the only other one of the family in the room.

"What is it, father?" she cried, clasping her hands. "What is it you say Robert knows more than any one else about this? Oh, tell me what has happened!"

"Go to your room, girl," said the old man, sternly. "There is trouble enough without you meddling in it. Stop," he continued as the girl slowly left the room. "You see that young man. I forbid you to see him, to write to him, to receive any letters from him. He—you will know soon enough."

"What, sir?" cried Carter, his eyes blazing with indignation. Do you say that I—that I took the check? Why, it was an impossibility, even if I had wished to do such a thing."

"Leave my house, sir!" was the old man's reply, as he repeated himself in his chair. He had by this time perceived himself that in some unguarded moment he had left his key in the safe, and that Carter had taken an impression of it and had a false key made, and that he had got some clever forger to imitate the firm's signature. But he knew that no one would believe him, and that appearances were all against him, and that it would be impossible for him now even to earn his bread. He looked upon Carter as the man who ruined him, and in his misery and unreasonableness he fancied that one of the young man's objects was to throw suspicion upon him, to reduce him to poverty and make it impossible for him to refuse to accept him as Annie's husband. But in this, the old man determined he would never yield.

Carter protested once more against the injustice of the cashier's suspicions, and then left the room. At the door he met Annie, who was waiting for him.

"Oh, Robert," she exclaimed in a

LOW VOICE, "TELL ME WHAT HAS HAPPENED."

BY NARY H. FAWCETT.

"Somebody at the office has forged a check for three thousand pounds and more," he replied. "It had been taken from your father's book, and—and—fancies I took it—I, who had nothing to do with his safe whatever."

"And do you imagine it was—?"

Robert was silent.

"And you came here to say you didn't believe it? Oh, how good of you!"

"But he thinks I am the thief. You don't, Annie?"

No, Robert; I am very sure of that. Only, I can't see you so long as my father—"

Robert's only answer to this was a sigh, and with a hurried good-bye the lovers parted.

Weeks and months went by; and the mystery of the forged check remained unsolved. Mr. Livey insisted that the firm should bear the loss of the £3,000, which Mr. Mason thought the bank ought to repay, as they were legally responsible for the money.

"No," said the old gentleman, "they may be legally responsible, but I don't see that they ought to suffer. The check itself was in our hands, and we allowed a thief to get hold of it. The bank did all they could. The forged signature is so like yours that no one could tell the difference; and the bank cashier tells me that the man who cashed it showed him letters addressed to himself as 'Joseph Beckman' (the name on the check), and showed him his card, saying that he was a solicitor. Of course he wasn't. The thing has been most cleverly planned, and I am at a loss to think who put that poor fellow Crump up to it; but it seems to me we can't let the bank suffer. We could not afford to let it be known we had done so. No other bank would keep our account."

Of course poor Walter Crump could not find another situation, though he would have been glad to take the lowest place in an office. The wolf came to his door in earnest. Annie, who had a situation in a boarding school, was the chief support of the family; and the poor girl was pale and thin from long hours and scanty meals.

It was about five months after the day when the cashier was dismissed in disgrace, that one day Mr. Mason left his office at half-past one, his usual hour for going out to lunch. Half-past one was also the time when he was Robert Carter's turn to go out for half an hour; and Mr. Mason had hardly had time to reach the street when he found the young man left his desk, went into Mr. Mason's room, entered a small closet in which a wash hand basin was fitted up, and proceeded to wash his hands. This was a high misdemeanor, especially as accommodation was provided for clerks in another part of the building, but Mr. Robert Carter preferred Mr. Mason's closet, and always used it when he had a chance of doing so.

On this occasion, however, he had barely begun his ablutions when he heard the outer door of the office slam, and then he heard some one, whom he judged to be his employer, come into the room.

Fortunately the door of the closet was nearly closed, so that the young man was invisible to any one in the center of the room.

"He has only come back for his umbrella," said Robert to himself; "there is no need for my moving. If I keep quiet he will be gone in a minute. No! Some one else has come in with him. What shall I do?"

Mr. Mason had already closed the double doors which led from his room to the outer office, and Carter was screwing up his courage to the point of confessing his presence, when the first words spoken by the stranger fell upon his ear, and made him stand as still as a stone.

"You can take your choice, as I said in my letter. Hand me over another hundred, or I'll split. What's one twenty-two out of three thousand? I had all the risk, and you—"

"Silence—will you?" hissed out Mr. Mason, in an angry whisper. "I can't give you a hundred pounds, for I haven't got it. But I will give you fifty now, and fifty next month. After that you can 'split' if you like, for you shall get no more out of me. Anything would be better than living as slave to a man like you."

"Hand over the fifty, then," said the other after a pause; and then there was a slight rustle of bank-notes.

"You had better leave the country," said Mr. Mason in a low tone. "The bank cashier who cashed the check might meet you in the street."

"I'll take care of that," replied the stranger, and after a few more words had passed, the two men left the office.

All this time Carter had been standing half paralyzed, first by fear of discovery and then by astonishment. But he understood this much, that this stranger was the man who had cashed the forged check under the name of Beckman; that Mr. Mason knew it, and so far from denouncing him to the police was giving him money to hold his tongue. Yes; and more than this, the stranger was threatening to 'split' upon Mr. Mason!

What it could all mean Carter could not comprehend; but he saw one thing plainly enough. The important point was to find out who this man was, and where he lived. In a moment Carter ran out of the room, seized his hat, and rushed down stairs.

He was just in time. Mr. Mason was leaving the foot of the stairs, going up

THE STREET, WHILE A WELL-DRESSED MAN,

WHO HAD EVIDENTLY JUST PARTED FROM HIM,

was walking rapidly in the opposite direction. Carter followed the stranger to the Mansion House, and saw him take a Baywater omnibus. This suited Carter exactly. He went round to the front of the vehicle and got up beside the driver. Then he clambered along the roof and seated himself above the door.

At the Holborn Restaurant the man whom he was following got out and stopped to refresh himself, while Carter waited patiently outside. At last he re-appeared, and Carter quietly followed him down Holborn, up Gray's Inn Road and into dingy street in the neighborhood of King's Cross. Here the pretended solicitor stopped at a door, which he opened with a latch-key.

"Ah!" said Carter to himself, "I have you now!"

He waited a few moments, and then knocked at the door.

It was answered by a dirty, slipshod girl.

"Does Mr. Williamson live here?" inquired the young man.

"No, he doesn't."

"Wasn't that Mr. Williamson who came in just now—Mr. Williamson, of Peterborough?"

"No, it wasn't. That was our first floor, Mr. Cromer. You've made a mistake."

"So I have. Beg pardon, I'm sure"—and Carter turned away.

From King's Cross he went straight to Scotland Yard and narrated his experience. That night Mr. Livey received a visit which caused him some surprise—and so did Mr. Cromer. Some corner was the latter gentleman in the hand of the police that he confessed the whole matter.

Mr. Mason had known Cromer, who was a second-hand with a respectable appearance and a plausible manner, for some time, and had selected him to be his tool. He had sent poor Crump to the docks on the afternoon before the morning when the check was mislaid; he had come back to the office after the clerk's were gone and had then opened Crump's safe with own key and abstracted the bank check. This check he had himself filled up and signed with the firm's signature in the usual way, so there was little wonder that the cashier at the bank paid it without any suspicion. He had, no doubt, calculated that the bank would have to bear the loss; but, as it was, he had cheated Mr. Livey out of two thousand pounds, for, as he himself had but a third share in the business, only one thousand out of the three had to come out of his own pocket.

Mr. Mason saved his partner the trouble of trying whether he could make him criminally responsible for what he had done; for when the police went to look for him he had disappeared. Probably he had seen Robert Carter following his accomplice, and, scenting danger, had saved himself while there was time. It turned out afterward that he had been speculating on the Stock Exchange and was sorely in need of money to pay his losses. It was some consolation to Mr. Livey to think that his dishonest partner had not profited much by his theft.

As for Walter Crump, he was offered his old place, with an apology and a handsome present to boot; and he still has not quite overcome his prejudice against Robert Carter, and he always regarded it as a hard thing that he should have to owe his reputation and deliverance from poverty to that particular young gentleman.

However, as things were he could do no less than "inform" Carter that he had done him an injustice, and that he would be happy to see him in the evening whenever it suited him to call. The color came back to Annie's cheek, and a light to her eyes when she heard the good news; and it was not many weeks before she became the promised wife of the young man who discovered the secret of The Mysterious Forgery.

—Whitehall Review.

An Entertaining, Reliable House. Z. Wayne Griffin & Co. can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Griffin & Co., Hartford, Ky.

We are sure that the sufferer with Piles who gets Tabler's Buckeye Ointment a trial will experience a complete cure, and go on his way rejoicing that there is a remedy for Piles, composed of simple ingredients which fulfill the purpose of this excellent preparation more completely than all the so-called Pile remedies in existence.

Itch of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails, sold by Z. W. Griffin & Co., Druggists, Hartford.

TINSLEY'S TALK.

A Few Ideas That are Well Worth Review

—Shall We Do Evil That Good May Come of It?—God Forbid!—
Vox Populi, Vox Dei!

By reading the papers we notice that anti-saloon conventions are quite common in various parts of the country, and they are called by the people who have not been conspicuous in the temperance cause. Everywhere there is an increasing tendency to make it disputable to be seen entering or leaving a saloon. It is a braided place that cannot be visited without causing reproachful criticism. The use of the screen to protect the drinkers from observation, is the barkeeper's conceit, to public sentiment. The influence of the dram-shop as a factor in electioneering methods, and the insolvency of the liquor men in shaping state and municipal legislation, have put the seal of disgrace upon the business that will not be tolerated much longer by the people. Hence, these conventions. The morning star of a brighter day has risen, and good citizens rejoice in the hope of deliverance from the withering curse. With all the bright prospects of the future, deliverance before us, it can only be accomplished by everyone concerned doing our whole duty. No more is required; no less will do. He not deceived, but you may rest assured.

That the anti-saloon sentiment of our country is increasing, is just as certain as that the saloon is an enemy to the public good. Moreover, the fact that this sentiment is growing, is recognized by our politicians, and efforts are being made to trim party sails to the winds which are already blowing, and are promising to increase. What success will follow these efforts is impossible to determine with any precision at present, but the lines are being drawn, and the parties which refuse to give the people a chance to speak at the ballot-box upon the question, are doomed to be overthrown. The people of this country will be heard in some way, and the party leaders who are trying to stifle the popular voice upon the most dreadful crime of the times, will shortly see in the ruin of their schemes, the proof of their error. The weary evening of the day of compromise with this iniquitous traffic has now come, and the dawn of a new day will show the adoption of new measures. The once dreaded, but now positive conviction is coming to the front. Politicians, if any of you have made up your minds that you will not help us in this reform, don't come around any more preaching reform, if you please. Mr. Editor, where, O where are all those gallant sons of Kentucky, who in former days went up and down in the coach, like mighty roaring lions; who understood every need and want of the good people, handling the gigantic problems of the great tariff reform and silver bill, as easily and with as much self-complacency as a Branch rooster would ten grains of shelled corn? Have they all gone West to grow up with the country? or is the present reform too little for such stupendous talents? If that is their conclusion and we become convinced thereof, we will feel almost certain that they understand the afore-said national problems very near as well as so many blind pigs understand astronomy.

Young gentlemen, listen to me just a little: This battle will soon be over; November is nearly here. Not one of you have as yet put in an appearance in this section as an advocate for decency and order. Don't you want us to know where you belong? Don't make a mistake, or it will prove a flaw that may possibly ruin your political machine. And let me beseech you not to be too careless over this matter, for if you do, your carelessness will be just as injurious and criminal as if you had deliberately planned all the possible reforms. When men know that certain consequences may follow from their not doing what they ought to do, or from their doing what they ought not to do, they are responsible for those consequences. We all see this readily in regard to material things. But do we remember, as we should, that our characters, our temperaments and our lives are influencing others? That a flaw in them may not only grieve, but ruin our immortal soul?

Suppose some one is watching you or me, to determine whether Christianity is a reality or a sham. Suppose we get angry at some trifling thing; suppose we are dishonest in some little thing. Suppose we vote to continue drunkenness and debauchery. He says to himself: "If religion don't make people any better than that, I don't want it." We go into eternity; we stand before the great white throne. The books are opened, and the history of all human lives is revealed. We see just where each has affected the other. We see what those flaws have brought about in the great complicated machinery of society—too late to make amends!

We see how a thoughtless act, an idle word, has blighted a human soul. It may be the soul of a stranger, whom we met but once. It may be the soul of our child, or our dearest friend. How important then that we be faithful always—faithful in the least—faithful to the last.

Human lives are so woven together in a network of mental influences, that our most careless look or tone may be the turning point of some soul's eternal destiny. Suppose we grant a man the privilege to erect a shooting-gallery in our midst, say for and in consideration of \$1,000, to shoot at strangers, to shoot at our neighbor, yes, and to shoot at our bright, unsuspecting boys, and the gentleman is a sure shot, he is sure to bring down some of the boys. One of those

BOYS WHEN DYING, CALLS FATHER; THE FATHER

HASTILY COMES TO THE DYING BOY,

and says: "Son, what do you want?" He says: "Father, I am dying; I will soon be dead and in hell. I want to say to you, that you have no one to blame but yourself. Father, you by your vote or act, helped to erect the shooting gallery, knowing at the time that thousands of boys as strong and able to resist temptation as I, have fallen before the murderous guns." Will father say: "Son, I had it to do, we could not run our school without the \$1,000?" Will that answer satisfy the dying boy? Will it still the conscience of that father? Will it satisfy the eternal God who brought that lovely boy into existence, and committed him to the keeping of that father, with the solemn injunction, "raise that boy for me, raise him in the virtue and admonition of the Lord, and I will pay thee thy wages?"

Fathers of Ohio county, do you want to help erect some shooting galleries at the November election? Do you want to put the temptation right in your boy's pathway? I trust not. Be not deceived. God is not deceived. "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." Let us all go to the polls and vote as intelligent men, and thereby drive the curse from our country.

On the 10th inst., Judge John C. Townsend gave us, at this point, one of his peculiar but plain and logical lectures on Prohibition. The Judge is in dead earnest; it is no foolishness with him. Last night Bro. R. D. Bennett preached us an excellent temperance sermon. Paul preached temperance, so may Bro. Bennett, so far as I am concerned.

HENRY TINSLEY.
CHERRYVALE, KY., Oct. 16, 1886.

Horton News.

Mrs. J. T. Martin is slowly recovering from a very severe illness.

Mrs. Geo. Thomson is visiting her parents in Hancock county this week. Misses Geraldine and Katie Thomson are visiting Miss Maudie Lines of Hancock this week.

The school at this place under the management of Prof. Porter is progressing nicely.

We are having a very interesting debating society every Saturday night. The ladies gave a candy pull at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Millhouse lately; quite a large crowd was present, and all seemed to have a merry time.

Mr. Willie Boyd, of near Rosine, is visiting his brother, B. L. Boyd.

Mr. A. V. Thomson attended the Owensboro Fair.

The young people gave a grand ball at the store house of W. B. Leach lately. The ladies that attended, were Misses Minerva and Ida Childs, Ida Monroe, Minerva and Fannie Dehaven, Mollie and Beckie Martin, Cinda Raymer, Ella Martin, Mrs. J. T. Root, Geraldine and Katie Thomson, Ellen and Coss Childs, of Rosine; Mollie Cooper, of Beaver Dam; Mollie, Katie, Sallie and Ella Wallis, Mrs. Frank Millhouse, Eva Baltzell. The gentlemen present, were Messrs. Shuler and Higley Taylor, of near Beaver Dam; Jim Boyd, of Hartford; Frankie Sullenberger, H. T. Thomson, John Monroe, Willie Baltzell, Frank Millhouse, Messrs. Long and Chinn, from Beaver Dam; Willie Boyd, Haden Porter and others.

Wishing the HERALD much success, I am as ever, ORANGE BLOSSOM.

"Ring out the old; ring in the new!" has no reference to medicines. The numerous novelties in that line which have only an ephemeral existence are scarcely worthy to be mentioned in the same category as that old reliable remedy known as Cassen's Honey of Tar, which our grandfathers used when the boys and girls had colds, coughs and diseases of the throat and lungs.

Strong Enough For That Work.

A Newport, Ky. man was sent by his wife to see a girl who advertised for a place in a respectable family. When he arrived at her house the following conversation took place:

"Call in reply to your advertisement wanting a place. Do you still want one?"

"Yes, sir, if I kin git the right kind of a place. How large a family have you?"

"Only myself and wife."

"Well, I wouldn't do all kinds of work. Is your wife healthy? I won't wash nor iron nor cook. I couldn't think of doing such work as that, what kind of work does your wife want us to do? You see I'm not very strong."

"He, catching on to the drift of her remarks—"Well, of course, in getting a girl she doesn't want one that will work, but one who can boss her aunt. Do you think you are strong enough for that?"

"Yes, sir; I presume so."

"Well, I'll send a dray after you, Good-day."

History of the First Meerchaum Pipe.

In 1728 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kewates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, etc., brought him in contact with Count Andras, ancestor of the present Prince Minister of Austria, with whom he became a favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a large piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must naturally be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. But in pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a

PIECE OF WAX BECAME ATTACHED TO THE PIPE.

THE CLAY, HOWEVER, INSTEAD OF ASSUMING A DIRTY APPEARANCE, AS WAS NATURALLY TO BE EXPECTED, WHEN KAROL

wiped it off received wherever the wax had touched a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to the proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and, polishing the pipe, again smoked it, and noticed how beautifully it colored; also how much more sweet the pipe smoked after being waxed.

This first meerchaum pipe has been preserved in the museum at Pesth.

Cure for Piles.

PILES are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Address The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co., Druggists, Hartford, Ky.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Backlen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

Club Rates.

We will furnish the following papers the following club rates:

Hartford Herald and Weekly Louisville Courier-Journal, one year, cash in advance, for.....\$2.50.

Hartford Herald and Weekly Louisville Commercial, one year, cash in advance, for.....2.50.

Hartford Herald and Farmers' Home Journal, Louisville, one year, cash in advance, for.....2.50.

Farmers and Mechanics.

Save money and doctor bills. Relieve your mothers, wives and sisters by a timely purchase of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the best known remedy for coughs, colds, croup and bronchial affections. Relieve children of croup in one night; may save you hundreds of dollars. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Sample free. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

A Lady in Texas Writes:

"My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradford's Female Regulator is all that relieved me." Write The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Cure for Sick Headache.

For proof that Dr. Gunn's Liver Pills cures Sick Headache, ask your druggist for a free trial package. Only one for a dose. Regular size boxes, 25 cts. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

The Nineteenth Century has been prolific in discoveries and inventions for the amelioration of suffering mankind, as well as the useful arts and sciences. We live in a faster age therefore require more and better facilities than they did in olden times, which has stimulated our inventive genius to the fullest extent. The medicine which our grand-parents used would not be considered of value in the treatment of diseases of the present time. The discovery of Good's Mexican Syrup was the result of the need of a more active and certain cure for coughs, consumption, pain in the breast and all the diseases of the throat and lungs. Ask your druggist for it. Every bottle is warranted. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

Whatever name or designation is given to Fever and Ague, or other intermittent diseases it is safe to say that Malaria or a disordered state of the Liver is fault. Eliminate the impurities from the system and a sure and prompt cure is the immediate result. Fickly Ash Bitters is the safest and most effective remedy for all bilious troubles, kidney diseases, and like complaints that have ever been brought before the public. A trial is its best recommendation.

Disease is no respecter of persons, and there is something about an effectual remedy for it that appeals to common humanity characterized by the highest intellect, or simple intelligence, and which possesses an interest alike for rich and poor. Such is Cassen's Honey of Tar, a well tried remedy for coughs, colds, and diseases of throat and lungs.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fits: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila. Pa.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

OF

THE WEEKLY HERALD

—MUST—

ALWAYS BE PAID IN ADVANCE

AND IS AS FOLLOWS:

One Copy One Year.....\$1.50.

One Copy Six Months......75c.

One Copy Four Months.....50c.

No deduction from these rates under any circumstances. Sent to any post office in the United States for the above price, and changed when desired.

CHAS. M. PENDLETON,

LAWYER,

HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Also Notary Public for Ohio county.

H. P. TAYLOR,

LAWYER

Hartford, Ky.

Office North Side of Public Square.

C. W. MASSIE,

Attorney at Law,

HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in Court of Appeals. OFFICE IN COURT-HOUSE.

HILL & McHENRY,

LAWYERS

AND COLLECTORS,

HARTFORD, KY.

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COLLECTIONS.

E. D. GUFFY,

Attorney at Law,

HARTFORD, KY.